

## You're Fucked by EmpressofTears

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** Angst, Character Study, F/F, Internalized Homophobia, Max is a Lesbian, POV Second Person, Pining, Unrequited Love

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Eleven (Stranger Things), Lucas Sinclair, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Mike Wheeler

**Relationships:** Eleven & Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Eleven/Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Eleven/Mike Wheeler, Maxine "Max" Mayfield & Lucas Sinclair

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**Warnings:** No Archive Warnings Apply

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 501

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**Summary:**

Max, you shouldn't have gone and fallen in love with Eleven. Didn't you know that straight girls will fuck you over every single time? And now you're learning this the hard way, with pieces of your heart strewn across the ground.

## **You're Fucked**

Maxine Mayfield, you're fucked.

You've spent your life moving around from place to place, never living in a house long enough to call it home. It's easier this way. You can never miss people if you never get close to them. But now this little town of Hawkins, Indiana has stolen your heart, and all her residents have tied you down. You have friends now, and as much as you love them, you never know when you'll have to leave them.

You live in fear of moving one more time.

You love them, Mike and Will and Dustin and Lucas and Nancy and Jonathan and Steve and Joyce and Hopper and Eleven.

Oh, Eleven.

That girl blew into your life like a hurricane, sweeping you away in her winds and taking your entire life away from you. She was in your life before you even knew she existed, just through the crazy lives of Mike and Will and Dustin and Lucas. She's the kind of girl that worms her way into everyone's hearts, making a hole for herself and never letting go.

And yeah, she's wormed her way into your heart.

When she stepped through the door and you saw her for the first time, punk and powerful, you should have known you were fucked. Her nose was bleeding; she didn't bother to wipe away the blood. Your heart was pounding from the terror of the Demadogs, and your adrenaline levels must have been through the roof. But her face made your stomach squirm in a completely different kind of way.

Then you offered her your hand.

And she walked right past.

That's the moment you knew you were really fucked. It hurt like hell, but you didn't seem to care. This is Eleven, you thought. She can do no wrong. She saved your life and kicked some Demadog ass, and

you couldn't find it in you to be mad at her. And since then you've always had a soft spot for her. You've always forgiven her rudeness and understood her aloofness.

Because she's beautiful.

Because you're in love.

And you know you should feel the same for Lucas. You should want to be around him and stare into his beautiful eyes and want to talk to him for hours. It's not that you don't like him--he's a great friend and he's smart and funny and kind--but you just don't feel any connection to him.

Love isn't something you can force.

It's a hole in your heart that only certain people can fill, and damn if Eleven isn't one of those people for you.

Eventually she warms up to your presence, comes to see you as a friend. And your heart just about bursts when she welcomes you to the group.

But now you're fucked.

Because she's with Mike and they're so happy together.

Because you're supposed to be with Lucas, and you're not so happy together.

Because she's a girl.

And you're not supposed to love other girls.